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COLLECTED ESSAYS

COLLECTED
ESSAYS PAPERS &c.
of
ROBERT BRIDGES

V
GEORGE DARLEY

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MY husband left a rough draft of the following Preface on the new symbols, and of the Note: he also revised the first proof of Part I of this Essay shortly before his death.

I have endeavoured to complete the Preface and the Note and to finish the revision of the Essay in accordance with his wishes.

There is one point—that of doubled consonants—on which I am uncertain as to his ultimate intention. In this Essay he occasionally doubled a single consonant, to ensure an accent on the preceding short vowel, as *beginn*; and eliminated misleading doubled consonants where they followed a short vowel that was unaccented, as *eject*. I have left his alterations in the sections that he corrected and have altered the same words where they occur elsewhere; but I have not altered similar words, as it seemed to me that a radical consistency on these lines would lead further than he intended, and that the whole question had better be deferred till the publication of the next Essay, when the vowels would be completed, and I should have sought the advice of a professed phonetician.

M. M. BRIDGES

September 1930

PREFACE

on the Phonetic Spelling

THE present stage of our experiment brings us up against one of the greatest difficulties that we shall encounter: that is, the problem caused by the shifting of the E and I sounds which has occurred in English.

Now a satisfying English Phonetic, which would bring our spelling back into conformity with other European tongues, whether Teutonic or Romance, must restore the proper fundamental values of the old symbols E and I: and, though this *is* by all theorists assumed to be practically impossible, a method will here be offered by which we have imagined to contrive this reform (or at least to make an active step towards it—for the full uncompromising restoration would be confusing and unintelligible); and the scheme is as follows:

I. The mute e

The final E, universally recognized as a mute symbol at the end of an English word, has been (in this position) already employed by us:

(i) to distinguish long from short final syllables; as *abate* from *reprobate*, which we write

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*abate, reprobate.*¹ By logical extension of this use it will now have a symbol assigned to it, and will be considered and *used as a mute, wherever it is retained or introduced.* Thus in a midposition it can preserve the old spellings which demonstrated the construction of compound words such as *graceful*. Nor will there be found any necessity for writing it backwards or upside-down.

(2) When following a C as in the word *grace*, it will serve to 'soften' the C—so that all words ending in '*ce* may retain their old spelling, including the hundreds of words that have the suffix '*ance* or '*ence*: but it must be noted that in these terminals the *e* loses its power of denoting length.

Then (3) this mute *e*, when coupled with a liquid (*l, m, n, or r*) will denote the syllabic vocalization of a liquid; *open, acre, hovel* [Thus, e. g., the word *battle* will be as true and phonetic a spelling as *battel*, or *bat'l*, because the doubled consonant indicates only the accentuation of the preceding short vowel, and the *e* being mute may as well follow as precede its liquid complement. Even in

¹ And thus—as in former Essays—we omit it, where its presence would wrongly imply the lengthening of the preceding vowel, as in *liv, hav*; but retain it as a mute in *alive* and *shave* (though its only use there is to assist in preserving the familiar appearance of the word).

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such a spelling as *batl*, the *tl* would not be less vocalized than the *sm* in *baptism*, which we should write *baptisme*.

(4) *er*

The effects of R, trilled or untrilled, on the vowels in contact with it are so deforming and dialectally various that, considering the whole problem, it seems far simpler and better to bring them under *rules for pronunciation* than to deform the orthography by phonetic symbols, which, though they might show a common (but not universal) practice, would misrepresent the actual conditions and artificially hamper the liberty of speakers; besides the very serious disadvantage which they would introduce by destroying the written differentiation of spoken homophones such as *fir* and *fur*.

But for practical convenience we can isolate from this group of R-phenomena the common *er* sound [ɜ] which we hear short and long in the words *baker* and *err*: it may be regarded as the common vocalization of a liquid R, and we may thus write and distinguish its long and short forms by means of our mute E, followed by one or two R's: e. g. *baker*, *conferr* (which last word must be written thus, if diacritic marks are forbidden, because accentuation of the sound

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lengthens it).¹ And now since thus mute *e* may precede or follow its liquid (as in *battle*) we may write *shore* [= *shoer*] for *sho'r*, so maintaining its proper distinction from *shaw*. [Likewise *lore* and *law*; *lorn* and *lawn*, & c] Thus *shore* and *lore* be' come true phonetic spellings, if the rules for the effect that the R has on its contiguous vowel be tabulated—as will be done in its place—and those rules will explain why in such a word as *general*, the true E need not be banished and replaced by *e* [ə]

II. *Thee of bed*

The form *e* which has been already used in the construction of the A of *slave* (ɛi) and in the forms *a*, *y*, will now serve for all the true short E's.

III. A new symbol

A new symbol *i* will be used to represent the true romance I, and this (the short form of which is somewhat heavier than the short true English I of *hit*, which we preserve unchanged) will be the sound in *me*, *the*, and *feel*—being doubled where it is long and replaces the old ee: thus *the*, *fid*—and, as this symbol is devised to shape halfway between the old forms of lower-case E and I, it

¹ But we use *er* for the long form when it is followed by another consonant, e. g. *herd*, *fern*.

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will be a full ocular step towards a true spelling, and will be rightly interpreted at sight by a reader to whichever value he is accustomed.

Since these three symbols *e*, *e*, and *i* (together with the old short *i*), cover all the conditions, the solution is fairly simple and will here abide its test.

In the next essay *U* will be treated, thus completing the vowels, and we may then proceed to the consonants.

TABLE OF THE NEW SYMBOLS USED

- (I) *a* = the *a* of father (this is the true Romance *A*).
a = the *a* of *hat*.
- (2) *a'* = the *a* in *almighty*.
- (3) *aw* = the same sound which occurs as *au* or *aw* in *autumn* and *aw/*.
- (4) *ε* = the *e* of *bed*.
- (5) *•a* or (6) *gy* = the *a* of *slave*. This symbol is made by a ligature of the two vowels which compose the sound; viz. the *e* of *bed* and the *i* of *in*, as they appear in the words *rein* and *they*: such correctly spelt words are of course left unchanged.
- (7) *ɪ* = the *e* of *the*.
- (8) *ɪɪ* = the *e* of *feel*.
- (9) *ɛ̃* for the diphthongal sound in *eye* and *right*.
- (10) *au* as in *how*.
- (II) *o* as in *oh*.
- (15) *g* 'hard' *G*.
- (16) *g̃* for the modified *g* in *'ing*.

Capitals are not dealt with and illustrative quotations are given in the original spelling.

Proper names unchanged: but the correct *a* is generally used, as in *Ophelia*, as it will not be remarked by the reader.

TABLE OF THE NEW SYMBOLS USED

Any oversights in the text will not affect the purpose of the experiment.

The effect of *w* and *qu* on the following vowel will be a *rule of pronunciation*.

u omitted after *g*, when mute, as *disgise*.

N.B. *through* spelt *thru*

though „ *tho*

thought „ *thavht*

Note:—The reader is reminded that inconsistencies must occur: and though the majority of the words now have correct phonetic vowels, a few are wholly wrong, and others partly so: as *grious*.

NOTE

THE first section of this Essay was originally written for the Literary Supplement of *The Times*: it was, however, found to be too long, and the paragraphs relating to the plays (pp. 176-9) were omitted. The rest was printed in the issue of 6 March 1908.

The second section is from an article in the *Academy*, 4 August 1906, which is here partly rewritten.

The choice of these papers for present publication is due to the request of friends, whose attention has been drawn to Darley's *Nepenthe* by the appearance of Mr. Collier Abbott's *Life and letters of George Darley, Poet and Critic*, 1928: and the note comprising the third section originated in a conversation which took place between him and the present writer.

R. B.

Chilswell, Nov. 1929

V

GEORGE DARLEY

A a

GEORGE DARLEY

I

GEORGE DARLEY, *thi avthor of Nepenthe, whose poems are nav collected for th ferst time,*¹ *was born in th same yur as Keats, and died in 1846, aged 51 . Bi birth and perenteg hi was Irish, but came erly to London and made a profession and living) of litteratur—poems, tales, mathematical textbooks, and miscelanious work for The Athenaeum and other journals, rher is no portreit of him; contemporaries tell us that hi was tall, with a handsome, intelectual hedd, and graceful, dignifi'd presence, of his temper and habits wi hav a feithful picture, for h descries himself with ingenuous insiht, ess pecially in some intimet letters, which with thi story of his life mey bi redd ither in Mr. Streatfeild's or in Mr. Colles's memoir. Thi latter is singularly like its pridi cessor, which was very well done; their identity mey perhaps bi accounted for bi a scarcity of matrial, and th unimpichable form and avthority of what ther is. To thse, as wi hav another task, wi referr th ruder. One*

¹ The Complete Poetical Works of George Darley. Now first collected. By Ramsay Colles. (Routledge is. net.) 1908.

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momentous fact must, however, be related—namely, that in his childhood Darley was alavd to contract a habit of stuttering, and alovd himself to be master d bi it, untill at last hi was afreid to speak, and avoided society. To the sensitiv netur and lack ofwill'pover which this indicates must be added its griivous consequences; for his solitary habits cut him off from thi experience which alone can suppli helthy contours to eny pictur of human relations, and furthermore increes'd his nervous derangement, impeiring) his constitution, subjecting him to hedddake and insomnia, and magnifiing the phantoms of his abstraction. Besett bi these conditions he favht bravely, but was never happy nor at ease.

cleerly one would not look to such a man for a national drama. It would seem strange and perverse that with his cleer'Sihted selfanalysis and his experience as a dramatic critic, he should hav deliberately expended the maturest and as it proved the last yeers of his life in an attempt to add to the series of English historical plays; in his own words to "buildup a Cairn, or rude national Monument, on some eminence of our Poetic Mountain to a few amongst the many Heroes of our race, sleeping even yet with no memorial there, or one hidden beneath the moss of ages. Ethelstan is the second stone, Becket was the first".

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Let us examin these pleys. Becket is stiled a chronicle, which is to pled thi interests of historic truth in apology for defect in dramatic form. But th pli wil not stand. Thi magnificent Eleanor of Acquitaine is represented as a wholly unattractiv and indnd a disgustity impersonal tion of jelousy, who has educated a devilish fimele dwarf to bi her inseparable gide, philosopher, and frend. With th ade of this monster sh poisons Rosamond. Darley was proud of his dwarf Dwerga; and, granting that sh? is un' disgisedly compounded of Caliban, Ariel, and th witches in Macbeth, shi is good inough in her wey; but hav disas' trously must her intrusion affect thi relationships in th "chronicle". Nor is it ither good history or good drama to wind up with Rosamond's ghost prophesiing to Elea' nor at Becket's tomb. As for Becket, when hi is made Archbishop his soliloquy avavs a conscious ambition. As for Henry, hi is introduced in thi ferst scine joking in th struts, and does not vouchsafe word or apmance after thi double murder of Rosamond and Becket.

Th pley Of Ethelstan does not improve our opinion of Darley's judgment. Hi selects and fancifuly ilaborettes th chronique scandaleuse which William of malmesbury gather'd from unauthentic sorces into an apocryphal a' pendix to his history, and presents th mihty Ethels tan as

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an illegitimate usurper doing penance for the murder of his elder and true-born brother Edwin. The remorseful criminal's only hope is to win the love of the daughter of his rebel thane Alfred. This lady (Ellisif) who in the dramatic personae is a probationary nun, is really Edwin's widow, though Ethelstan does not know of it: and her scheme, revealed by her to the audience, to revenge her husband's death by pretending to return the king's love and from that vantage ground bring treason into his court, forms the plot of the play. We are thus at the outset invited to sympathize either with a wicked murderer, or with a young widow whose revengeful passion is urging her to the worst crimes. The reader is led to incline to the lady, but he soon finds himself mistaken: and when Ethelstan escapes from her toils, the climax of two whole acts of camps and battle is pointed by the revelation to the king that Ellisif is his brother's widow. This signifies nothing: our surprise is that a king like Ethelstan should have been so ill informed concerning his own family, especially as he shows no lack of family pride.

One who would thus misread or wilfully misinterpret the great characters whom he selected to exhibit, cannot be expected to give a worthy or just characterization even of his own conceptions: nor does Darley give us that: what

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defence miht bi made for him on a minuter analysis would only thi more discredit thi bravder efects and apirances. Wi incline to suspect him of thinking) that hi coud arrive at drama bi an inginious arrangement of literary externals: for hi is a master of thise, and except for some bluster in Becket, which is but th concoction of thatt

Ogre milk" which hi tells us hi sucked from the old dramatists thi writing is good, and tho teinted with Barley's idiosyncrasy is full of thi resorces of imaginativ diction. Thi unsatisfactory foundation on which hi bilds privents us from sning) at ferst hov good it is; thi blank verse of Ethelstan is thru out masterly, lerned, rich, nsy and well maneg'd. it is natural that those seines where rural life, or study, or retirement are depicted, tho' tin lust dramatic, should bi thi most convincing, but thi battle scine in Ethelstan, Act V, whare Fergus and Runilda view thi fiht, is vividly done.

Wiare grateful to editor& publisher for thi opportunity of niding) avll Barley s poetry, and wi recognize thi very responsible task which thattoppportunity enteils; for ',avltho in his own dey Barley s tallent was well apriciated and reised grat expectations, his poems wer vertually con' demnd, so that hi comes bfore us nov apiling to thi hiher cort of posterity—asking a more compunctious gene'

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ration whether something) mey not bi favndin his work to justify his ambition, and giv him a place, havever low, among thi imortals. Ther is as much pathos as confidenc in this little volume of The Muses' Library, whare avll his verse is cravded into 520 pages and offer d to us for one shilling.

In ovr opinion, Nepenthe wil ultimatly sicure to Darley almost as good a place as hi look'd for; but thi rest of his work comes short of ateinment. Th faults of a ferst ventur are reddily overlooked, and so wi pardon his Errors of Ecstasie (1822). His ferst steps to par'nassus are, hovever, too amusityly quir to escape quota'tion. in thatt blankverse dialog bitwnn a Mystic and thi Moon—a subject borrow'd from Keats's ferst books—th followin) verses occur:—

MYSTIC.

*Yes! but I'll curb this hellish spirit [Ecstasie], till
It rides i' the ring, strait—Moloch gorge me else!
Yet say, dark Brightness! in mere, repent prose,
Must not Heav'n alienate the hearts of men,
when charity apostatizes thus? . . .*

MOON.

*You have deserted Heav'n; you sought for Woe;
Bit by vermicular Ambition, you—*

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You—with the grub of Poesy in your brain,
Citing you on with insane avarous tooth
To sate cupiety of praise—you left yourself;
Or in thy own mad, monster'making language,
You left Philosophy i' the mire...

At th end thi Mystic apils:—

say, shall I die, when I do die? shall fame
Breathe no proud anthem over me?

Thi Moon, with true feminin tact, riplies "farewell!"
His next publication Sylvia, an unstageable feiry drama,
is a fantastic Pasticcio, extnmely brilliant and diverting,
but forfiting) its cleim to th hihest rank of such trifles bi
structural difect, especialy in th denouement. In an
enchanted valley poses'd bi th feiries from A Mid'
summer Night's Dream—whtire th lovers ricavll fer'
dinand and Miranda—with a clavn who is compounded of
Stephano and Touchstone, and subjected to Bottom's trans'
formation in hils instedd of hedd—wifnl no risentment
at thse astavnding) liberties, untill Miranda takes upon her
to pley th mad Ophelia, it is an inexhaustible jeu d'es'
prit, a miracle of cookery. Th scines are prolog'd with
eiht syllable verse, and among Miltonic lines are some
which would not hav lower'd th level of il Penseroso;

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but these intermezzi are generally more like Scott, as, for example, in this eligiac passeg where hi is describing thi sentimental effects of words consecrated bi lovers' associations:—

*Ay, the pale, wedded, widow'd dame
Pensive recalls the longlost name;
A hectic,—one faint wave,—no more!—
Passes her marble beauty o'er;
she smooths the braid upon her brow,
Remembering—Ah! what recks it now?*

when on a sudden, Butler:—

*if this philosophy be sound,
By no one tie is nature bound;
We have free warrant to disclaim
All laws of kindred, blood, and name,
Like Spanish kings, despite of taunts,
Marry our nieces or our aunts,
And by the same licentious rule
Tell our grave father he's a fool,
Scoundrel, or liar,—call him out,
Or cuff him in a fistic bout,
Owing no more in such a case
Than bankers do to Henry Hase.*

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Th whole is interspersed with songs, some of Elizabethan tipe, and thd wi cannot sey that th best of them are as good as Shakespeare, they are good inough, and run up alongside their model with a childish confidence, of th two five'act tragedies wi hav alreddy sedd that they are put ovt of cor t bi an unworthy conception of th persons and a historical untruthfulnes in th ivents that Darley selected to dil with; and further bi th want of characterizetion, which prevents wen th very masterly blank verse of Ethelstan from bling efectiv. A ruder wil turn instinctivly to th miscelantous poems, and w? shal accompany him.

Two of th lyrics are feirly well known—one of them was in thferst edition of The Golden Treasury, having bun mistaken bi th compiler for a Caroline poem; its ferst stanza runs thus:—

*It is not beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moons despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.*

Th gross absurdity of th second line cannot bi defended bi th aperent excuse that thi poet is contemptuously adoptin) th foolish lover s hiperboh', for in th seventh stanza h makes it his own; and th poem, in under taking) to preise goodnes above personal beauty, is bound

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worthily to represent th latter. Parley had no experience, and is often hackney'd and artificial in his tritment of love; hi can spik to a lady of That bosom heaped with virgin snow"; and so hi often contents himself with frivolous fancies. In The wild Bee ther is this stanza (th bi is spiking):—

*How I lulled a rose with humming
Gentle ditties in her ear,
Then into her bosom coming,
Rifled all the treasure there.*

And h is fond of expanding this folly. Agein, in one of his epitaphs—and derges and thi Iike are significantly numerous—thi idia occurs that thi quivering of thi hues of a tri above thi grave is caused bi thi dedd man shoking with lafter bilow at thi thavht of human vanity. But Darley, tho in his wiker moods capable of eny bathos, never excuded thi absurdity of "the moons despair".

Thi other known poem is thi

SERENADE OF A LOYAL MARTYR

*Sweet in her green cell the Flower of Beauty slumbers,
Lulled by the faint breezes sighing thro' her hair;
sleeps she, and hears not the melancholy numbers
Breathed to my sad lute amid the lonely air?*

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*Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming,
To wind round the willow hanks that lure him from
above:*

*O that in tears from my rocky prison streaming,
I too could glide to the bower of my love!*

*Ah! where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound
her,*

*Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
Listening like the dove, while the fountains echo round
her,*

To her lost mate's call in the forests far away?

*Come, then, my Bird!—for the peace thou ever bear est,
Still heavens messenger of comfort to me,*

*Come!—this fond bosom, my faithfullest, my fairest!
Bleeds with its deathwound, but deeper yet for thee.*

*Critics hav supposed this poem to hav influenced th
production of Meredith's admired Love in the Valley.
Riders of The Egoist wil recognize a more certein
dett to Darley in thi following) quotation from Becket. Thi
ladies of th cort are discussing th chancellor:*

*First Lady: A gallant man, our Host! the cream of
courtesy!*

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Second Lady: *oh, a magnificent creature!*—SUCH A
LEG!

To ritum to th Serenade; this poem shows Darley in a better liht, and exhibbitts his original paver over mitre, thi germ of which apirs in his ferst book; had hi also posess'd th lyrical gift of concentration and definition, th two would hav set him on a pinnacle. His metrical inventions are well-balanced and often excelent; wi wil quote a few ferst stanzas in illustration:—

Listen to the Lyre!

*Listen to the knelling of its sweet-toned ditty,
shrilly now as Vain resounds the various wire,*

Now as soft as pity!

Soft as pity!

This goes on for twelve more stanzas, and like a good meny of his lyrics mey bi described as th best possible poetry of thi album album. Thi tinted pages, scent, and gilt edges are matched after their kind; and tho' th manner is not gret, yet, if those discarded tresurs of th boudoir conteind only poems such as thse they would comand hih prices in th market. The Palace of Ruin beginns thus:—

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Amid the roofless walls of a gray pile,

Built long of yore,

"When the huge rocks told of the giant style

Emperilld now no more,

*"Which Earth's large-handed children strove to raise
erewhile,*

from the plain up to the high cerulean floor . . .

*This is a very well-made stanza, and thi subject, bing a
variant of thi opening thi second canto of Nepenthe,
is solid inough. Hire is another:—*

oh, tell ye not my lover,

Lest he perchance should sorrow at the tale,

That from the time we parted

My cheek grew pale;

Tell him not, though he left me,—for a bride

Beauteous, I own, as the bright moon above her,—

Tell him not that I died

Love-lorn and broken-hearted.

*But ther are few of Darley's lyrics which can cleim hih
excelence, and none that wi should put into thi ferst rank.
Bisides their wiknes of sentiment and fancy, they lack
content or definition; and his rhythm is often let loose on
thi matter, instedd of supporting it, with tk inevitable*

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result that what mining ther is is waved away. Hi thaw fore does better where, as in Sylvia and Nepenthe, thi motiv is prt'dtfyned, tho' this lessens th value of such puces when ditach'd from their context, in Nepenthe, for instance, th song of Memnons statue is a wonderfully beautiful crmtion, but it coud hardly bi redd without an explanation of its unusual and mystnious motiv.

Such an able imitator as Darley must often write finely under thi direct inspiration of th stile and mood of a grat master, and his own manner is very various; thfollowity sonnet and th stanza next quoted miht bi bi his contemporary, Hood.

WINTER

*The merciful sweet influence of the South,
cheereth the hardy wintet'buds no more;
No scented breath hovers around their mouth,
No beauty in their bosoms to adore.
With icy foot the rude North treads them down,
And tells them they shall never greet the Spring,
But perish at the line of Winter's frown,
That kills the very hope of blossoming.
Thus while he fans them with his frosty wing
They scatter all their leaves upon the earth,*

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*Not worth the hapless ruddock's gathering,
And die upon the spot that gave them birth.
How like in fate the winter'bud and I!
We live in sorrow and in sorrow die.*

From th Mermaidens Vesper Hymn:—
In bowers of love men take their rest,
in loveless bowers we sigh alone,
With bosom-friends are others blest,—
But we have none! but we have none!*

*Another sonnet biginns:—
Fair as the flower is, it will yet decay;
Green as the leaf is, it will yet be sere;
Night has a pall to wind the gaudiest day,
And Winter wraps in shrouds the loveliest year.*

*And when hi is translate Horace a new kind of excellence
comes into his verse:—*

*The snows are fed upon their watery wings,
Greenness again returns,
And now no more the bounty of the springs
o'erflows their frugal urns:
Now might the unclad Graces dance their rings,
So warm the welkin burns!*

Thi follwing) is indistinguishable from Lordde Tabley:—

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when summer winds begin to woo

And hayfields to look hoar,

when cloudless skies are golden blue,

And calm the ocean shore . . .

Thse chosen extracts msygiv too favorable a notion of th miscelamous poems, but a very good selection of worthy puces miht bi made, with an original charm. Wi hav not, hovever, done with Darley as a lyrical poet, because his Nepenthe is a long lyric, and hi sums instinctivly to hav desin'd thatt poem to offer himself th best opportunity for his strenng th and th lust for his wiknesses.

Hi has, ferst of all, chosen thatt Penseroso mitre which wi sav him handling, at his will in Sylvia; and hi nov interlaces th rimes, and fruly uses trisilabic fut, exhavsting th capacities of his form, Hi finds also scope for his rhythmical invention to introduce thi most varied lyrical mesurs, for which hi skilfully priperes thi cadences of thi mein poem; and hi avtogether avoids thi difficulty of definition bi atending to thi work which uch lyric has set for it in th argument. Next, th subject suits him: Canto I peints "the ill effects of overjoy, Canto II those of excessive melancholy": th mein matter bring th description of thi occasions and motivs of this "joy and melancholy". Canto III was to hav shown" that content'

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ment with the mingled cup of humanity is the true Nepenthe". This Darley could not have done, nor did he write this Canto: but of the melancholy of earth's joys", and "majesty of its sadness", he had all this experience in his sensitive temperament and active imagination. This poem is complete as it stands.

The objection always raised to Nepenthe is that, unless Darley had stated its purport, no one would ever have guessed what that was, and that, when it is known, it is still difficult to perceive. There is truth in this; and a poem of which it can be said must show a heavy per contra balance of beauty to justify it. Now Nepenthe has this balance in superabundance; the objection, too, has been somewhat exaggerated, for a good part of this allegory is open enough to interpretation; and, since it professes to deal with the paradoxes of life, an entire lucidity is not to be looked for; it would be untrue to nature, and much more unsatisfactory than that overpowering agglomeration of images which imitates, if it cannot match, the mazes of the world. Nepenthe is in the very same condition as Keats's Endymion, whence, no doubt, we borrowed this allusive treatment, the mystical types, and the idiom of this imaginary wanderings over the earth. Darley can afford the comparison, and for the quality of spontaneous

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*and sustin'd passion nidfur no rival. Even where hi is
most obscure thifire of his inspiration never sinks bilow
thatt white hut which fuses and welds whatever is pri'
sented to it*

*Afutur editor would do well to giv some explanation
of th allegory; wi hav not space hire wen to do justice to
thi verse bi quotation. Tht beautiful exordium to Canto I
has often bun given:—*

*Over a bloomy land untrod
By heavier foot than bird or bee
Lays on the grassy'bosomed sod,
I passed one day in reverie . . . etc.*

*Thi exordium to Canto II on thi Ruins of Time is over
200 lines long: wi must h content with a few scraps.
This is from one of thi descriptions of Bacchus:—*

*Uproar sweet! as when he crost,
Omnipotent Bacchus, with his host,
To furthest ind; and for his van
Satyrs and other sons of Pan,
With swoln eye'burying cheeks of tan,
Who trolled him round which way he ran
His spotted yoke through Hindostan,
And with most victorious scorn
The mild foes of wine to warn,*

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*Blew his dithyrambic horn!
That each river to his source
Trembled—and sunk beneath his course,
where, 'tis said of many, they
Mourn undiscovered to this day.*

une is Gibraltar:—

*Herculean pillars crumbled down
To hills, yet stedfast their renown;
Still their old mightiness survives
Even in that one worn pedestal
which spread the sea with Spanish lives
Scattered like weeds beneath the wall,
Unshaken while their pride did fall,
And widowing half a race of wives,
Yet holds the prostrate realm in thrall!*

And wi wil end with his own gentle conclusion:—

*Till I found me once again
By the ever'murmuring main,
"Listening across the distant foam
My native church bells ring me home;—
Alas! why leave I not this toil
Thro' stranger lands, for mine own soil?
Tar from ambition's worthless coil,*

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*from all this wide world's wearying moil—
why leave I not this busy broil,
for mine own clime, for mine own soil,
My calm, dear, humble, native soil!
There to lay me down at peace
In my own first nothingness?*

II

In a literary causerie in thi Academy, I made an attempt to explein thi allegory in Nepenthe; and new begging th ruder to excuse some repetition, I wil quote it hire as in' trodution to a dneil'd critical examination of one typical went in th poem; and this is th best I can do towards elucidation.

*Barley's own account of Nepenthe is as follows:
"The general object or mythos of the poem is to show the folly of discontent with the natural tone of human life. Canto I attempts to paint the ill-effects of overjoy; Canto II those of excessive melancholy; part of the latter object remains to be worked out in Canto III, which should likewise show that contentment with the mingled cup of humanity is the true 'Nepenthe'." Wi hav only to do with th existing Cantos I and II. in thi ferst th phinix*

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is thi symbol of "melancholy gladness"; and in th second thi less important Unicorn is thi symbol of "majestic sadness". Ambition is thi term used thru out to denote thi motiv of dissatisfaction which makes man silk a Nepenthe.

The ferst Canto is th pictur of excessiv joy in th more animal sphere, thatt is, th ecstasy of life joys born of thi sun: and thi passag of experience is from thi hot sunjoys to deth in th cold ocean.

Th second Canto is th pictur of ideal plesurs, thatt is, th ecstasy of mental Ifrfejoys born of thi Moon, and liding to th desert where thi Unicorn livs in majestic sadnes; and thi passag is from th moon joys to thi dri desert

Thi diteils are as subtle as they are perplexity, and thi poem must be known before eny example would be reedable. But it my be of help to indicate that the hero's dissatisfaction with unmix'd sunjoys is ferst betreyd in his sympathy with the lowlands, witnesd bi his description of them (i.570&c.) and becomes critical on Mount Ida, when he biginns to therst for the cold and clovded movnteins, "welcome gray Europe", (76\$): after which his Maenad companions recognise him to be a treitor, and treet him as they once did Orpheus; and he shares thi fate of Icarus. The transition from sun joys to Realism is well

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*invited bi thicontemplation of antiquity in thi magnify
cent introduction, of over two hundred lines, to thi second
Canto.*

*I propose nav to examin one situation in thi poem,
and wil take his grat adventur with th phunix, which
is led up to bi thi ferst hundred lines of th book. Thi
Roman tipe in thi quotations is vlways mine, and is
given to asist th ruder bi calling atention to prominent
idas.*

*In a liht ecstasy of thi natural joys of erth (sunjoys)
hi would s;ik tranquillity, as thi movntein'strums silk
thi ocan—where in his descent an ugle apurs to him:—*

*Sudden above my head I heard
The clifty scream of the thunder'bird ____
And saw upon the darkening glade
cloud'broad his sun eclipsing shade.*

*And this ugle, th sun'scorner, carries him (it sums) to
where thi phunix, thi tipe of sunjoys, is expiring in her
own flames:—*

*The Mountainless green wilds among,
Here ends she her unechoing song!
"With amber tears and odorous sighs
Mourned by the desert where she dies.*

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*Thi wilds are mavnteinless because (in their mire animal
plesur) thi sunjoys are void of ambition. This metaphor
stims to be feirly constant thru thi poem; and her song is
unechoing becavse they awaken in th phtnix no spiritual
motion. As there gazing on thi sun*

Still her destroyer and her sire

*shi cannot look biyond. Th animal is satisfid bi thi sun'
joys as such. But, as shi turnd on thi poet her dedd'
guzin) [e, hi redd this as an apil to him: and, as her amber
bloodfowd*

from the heart wounded incense Tree,

*hi was moved to quaff one drop of her blood; intoxicated
and fill'd with restless ambitious disires, hi climbs on thi
trii and imidiatly has a new view of Erth; and over'
whelm'd bi th efect on himself of*

the juice with ether rife,

Elixir of superfluous life,

Instinct with spiritual fame,

*h thinks to sprinkle th berd's embers with it, and ther'
upon thi phtnix iturnd to life, and flew up to heven.*

*Thi mnning) hire all sums feirly clur and riht so far
as this, that thi beauty of sunjoys has a spiritual efect
on man; and thus it mey bi sedd that the htnix, when*

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*fed with quintessence of sunliht bi man, flies to heven;
for thi sunjoys (which shi typifies) are Mans ladder to
God; and th elixer is sedd to bi superfluous rihtly in
both senses of thi word, ferst that its spirituality is lost
on thi animals and un nided bi them, and secondly that
it is overflowing superabundantly.*

*But thi superfluities of thi poet's metaphor are baffling;
especialy, for instance, line 200, where it is sedd that
alreddy before thi poet anointed it "The Bird was fast
blending with the sky", sh would, of corse, hav duly w
turn'd to her natural life without thi poet's interference.
This matirial resurection is a property of th joys which
shi typifies. Hi mirely shorten d thi pirriod of her eclipse:
but thatt riturn would not hav bun a "blending with the
sky". I should hav interpreted thi erthly deth of thi sun'
joys to bi a hint of their true iternity. That this doctrin
is too recondite to bi rially intended is, I think, shown in
thi progres of thi poem. Tor thi rest of this book goes
on to narrate hav th newly' awaken d vision of life in
thi poet, which was born of contact with thi spiritual
flame of sun'joys, was NOT thi true Nipenth.*

*And at ferst it is evidently mirely a hihten'd animal
plesur, such as comes of intellectual perception and pur'
suit—and thatt mey bi bad. But, when in line 526 Meiden*

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Love is introduced in Anthea, one looks for the higher and true spiritualization. This fails to develop and the book ends in disappointed ambition, as if the poet had wilfully broken off his right clue; and so onenesses that this want of true insight led him to an impasse by defect and thus stayed his poem. The bulk of his work is consistent with this surmise.

III

This original edition of Nepenthe is one of the rarest of books: but Darley's latest biographer, Mr. Collier Abbott,¹ was lucky in finding a copy which the author had himself epitomized by writing in his own delicate hand a heading to every page, when on a visit to me Mr. Abbott kindly showed me this treasure, I searched it as he had done, in hope to discover some authoritative clue to the allegory: but Darley's analysis of his text is just like my analysis of Endymion, which may be seen in my earlier essay, and I got nothing from it but the satisfaction of learning that I had suited to Keats exactly what Darley had thought needless to his own work: for the two poems are in the same predicament.

An allegory is (to me) thinking at best when the story

¹ **The Life and Letters of George Darley, Poet and Critic, by Claude Collier Abbott. Oxford Univ. Press. London 1928.**

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stands apart on its own merits and nids no translation; as (I would sy) in an idial Cantata thi music should carry comphte satisfaction without th words; bing, as it wer, thi convincing primiss which is thi true basis of thi moral persuasion. Such an alligory would bi a tale of actual events that held together of their own proper consequence; and, hovever transparently it clothed thi ovt line of its moral intention, hovever sugestiv of trans' letion its mein events miht bi, yet thi story wil bi activly ensuring its hold on thi hirer bi a thovsandpass' ing diteils irrelevant to thi spiritual desin: and hire I think thi musical analogy still holds.

Nov nether is Endymion or Nepenthe constructed in this wey: in both poems thi outward events are undis' gisedly fabricated to subserve their moral import They are themselves miraculous feiry tales, and more rimoved from rial life in their matirial than in their spiritual order: so that wen if thi ruder is fortunat inough to percuve th allegory (and this no dovt is assumed bi th poet) h wil mid some gide to thi adventurs, which hav in themselves no memorable cohson. Thi condition of a ruder who cannot follow ither treil my not bi much benefited, but ruders of Endymion hav thank'd mi for mi traveler s gide, unrudable tho it bi.

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This brings mi acquaintance with Nepenthe up to date; except thatl should add that until Mr. Abbott spoke of it I had never recognizd that George Darley was a devoted mathematician: and it sums that ther is one among) his admirers who asserts that Nepenthe is wholly concern d with mathematical enthusiasms, and that hi, bring himself a mathematician, can explore thi dark passages with thatt ki.

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